

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

OUR MARVELOUSLY RICH.

Another good illustration of the spirit of the times in regard to money is furnished by the big syndicate bet on the yacht race, a bet just closed at Pittsburgh. An American crowd bet \$250,000 against an English crowd's \$150,000 that the American yacht will beat the British yacht.

This is the biggest wager in the history of the world. The men who are making it know no more about the result of the yacht race than anybody else. They simply feel able to lose that amount of money. The sum is a trifle.

The country has arrived at the stage where \$250,000 is to some pocketbooks the accumulated chicken-feed of the week's business, the odd pennies and nickels which have hoisted down in the lowest corner of the purse when change was made.

None of us will ever get within seeing distance of \$250,000. Most of us, if we could get \$10,000 together, would feel dizzily affluent.

Meanwhile, in our lowly sphere, we can hear of the expensive follies of the extremely rich. We have the privilege of marveling. The yacht racket is a splendid vehicle for our wonder. Mr. Lawton of Boston, spent a quarter of a million building a yacht recently which was beaten twice or three times. He will sell it for junk in disgust. That ought to open any poor man's mouth in astonishment. The amount of money spent by Lipton and the opposing Americans in the present match is more than the family of the average American has had in the last four generations. The race will be a great one. It is to indicate superiority in seamanship and ship-construction on one or the other between two great nations; and moreover, it is a contest of rich men, of the marvelously, splendidly rich.

The marvelously, splendidly rich ask always our astonishment. Whether it be J. Pierpont Morgan ending home from Europe a \$100,000 portrait, or Mrs. Bradley Martin spending a similar sum on an evening's entertainment, or a Montana million for a seat in the senate, or Andrew Carnegie's seven-star library rockets sent up into the night at stated intervals, the rich are bent on letting the world know that they are rich.

It is something to know that the rich tolerate our audience, so far as pleased by it, although their motive is usually rivalry among themselves.

But in due time, they will grow weary of our attention; they will become callous to public approbation; it will pall on them. They will insist on privacy from our curiosity. They will not publish their prodigious wagers if they make them; they will deny information to the newspapers of their entertainments, their contests and their purchases.

But they have not reached that point yet. For our marvelously and splendidly rich do not realize that of all the aristocracies of the world, born, manufactured or faked, they are most intolerably vulgar.

HAS LITERATURE GONE OUT?

The complaint of an English critic that there are no writers of promise to take the place of the famous literary men who have gone or will soon go has led an observing person to affirm that the magazines have vitiated the public taste so that there is no longer a demand for literature; that literature has gone out, in fact. The British quarterlies long ago consecrated their heavy pages to the discussion of the eternal Eastern question, while the monthly publications are hardly more than rivals of the Sunday newspapers. The general impression which is left after a glance at the magazines is chiefly of pictures (mostly of stage beauties and actors), certificates from singers and others as to the virtue of various soups and pianos, a few short stories with time-worn plots and bad grammar, etc. The few periodicals which do not print pictures offer tremendously dull papers on statistics, or social problems and questions in contemporary economics. These articles usually arrive nowhere. The magazine writers (except the writers of stories) are painfully practical and without training in literary expression. They are really men of action. No sooner does a man achieve anything, whether it be success in an Arctic voyage or in the invention of a gun, than he is induced to write about it for the magazines.

When Andrew Lang got a paper on Moliere printed in a magazine it was almost an event. The article was not ambitious or analytical, but light and literary; nevertheless it was literary, and in strange contrast with the usual matter of the publications which profess to be devoted to literature. But Mr. Lang himself is a conspicuous example of the effect of the supremacy of utility and sensationalism in the magazines, and the consequent depreciation of public taste. He is poet, journalist, essayist, biographer, historian, novelist, dramatist, all-around humorist and critic. He has managed to "do up" a thousand things, yet do nothing. There is no longer any well bounded field for the literary man who abhors an eternal specialty. So Mr. Lang is funny and teasing in the otherwise solemn columns of the London daily newspapers, or he reviews something which touches his fancy for a weekly periodical, or he writes a penny dreadful or edits a series of fairy books, or gossips about current events. He has even relieved himself of a book about ghosts.

The magazines having spoiled the taste for purely literary matter, there can be no encouragement for broad-minded literary men who have no great moral cause to weave. Old Dr. Johnson thought no art should be allowed to perish, and therefore, he deplored the going out of prize fighting. Surely he never dreamed that literature would go out, even for a time!

NAVAL STUDY OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The government's elaborate "Notes on Naval Progress," which has been prepared this year under the direction of Captain C. D. Stickle, includes a very interesting section on wireless telegraphy, which is having a remarkably rapid development as an agent both of war and of peace. It is now considered indispensable by the great sea powers as part of the equipment of their navies, and contracts for apparatus have been made by England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan, Spain, Sweden, Chile and Denmark, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

The report of progress for the last year shows that the invention has become available for longer distances, and indicates that a particularly serious defect in the transmission of naval messages is likely to be corrected by Marconi's latest experiments with the tuned system. This defect is the lack of secrecy, and the following illustration is given to prove that the apparatus first constructed could be of little value in war:

When the German squadron, after its trip out to China, arrived off one of the ports the British admiral there sent a wireless message for a boarding officer to visit the German flagship and offer the usual civilities. Upon the boarding officer's arrival he was informed by the German officers that the message had been read. On another occasion the officers of an English ship were surprised, while experimenting in the Mediterranean, to receive a message in Italian asking as to the position of the ship. This mes-

sage came from an Italian man-of-war, and its receipt and the interception of the message shows the importance of tuned instruments for naval purposes.

With the use of tuned instruments messages are effective only at the place of their destination, and they go through perfectly in spite of intersecting lines of communication. According to the report Marconi has been so successful in the operation of the new device that the difficulty from the common publicity of every dispatch has been practically overcome, and there is so little doubt about the feasibility of wireless telegraphy that the nations of the world are racing to be beforehand in its adoption and extension.

ANOTHER STRIKE COMING.

While public attention has been fixed upon the great steel strike, trouble has been brewing in another quarter, says the New York Evening Post. The price of cotton print cloths has been falling, and stocks have been accumulating until the mill owners at Fall River have found it necessary either to reduce wages or to close the works until the surplus of production is taken off the market. They have decided to reduce the wages of their operatives 15 per cent. The secretaries of the labor unions say that the reduction will be resented to the bitter end, and that there will be a strike, and that 20,000 operatives will be idle if the mill owners adhere to their declared intention. Mr. C. D. Borden (one of the largest producers, and one who makes print cloths and prints them also) does not agree with the other proprietors. In an interview published in the Tribune he says that the way to cure the evil of over-production is to stop making goods for a while. He believes that the operatives ought to be taken in consultation and asked which policy they would prefer—reduction of wages or reduction of product. He thinks that they are reasonable beings, and that an agreement might be reached which would avoid bad feeling, and accomplish the result aimed at, which is an equilibrium of production and consumption. Deciding the question off-hand, in the way they have done, Mr. Borden thinks is indicative of a desire on the part of the mill owners to produce a strike, as the surest means of curtailing production.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS IN FRANCE.

Although it is generally conceded by foreign buyers that not only American farming implements but American tools of all kinds are superior to those produced in any other country, it is a curious fact that the makers of farm tools have not shown the same vigor in entering the foreign market which characterizes the American manufacturers of heavier agricultural machinery.

Attention is called to this fact in a report from Consul Brittain stationed at Nantes, France. He points out that the only American manufacturers represented at a recent French agricultural exposition were those making the more elaborate forms of farm machinery, in the purchase of which several farmers usually combine. Both in France and Germany, however—especially in the former country—most of the land holdings are small, sometimes only a dozen acres; and the farming is the most thorough, or intensive, known. The individual demand for heavy machinery is thus restricted, while that for hand implements is increased. With this fact properly appreciated our manufacturers of this class of goods ought to be able to materially extend their market on the continent.

As a preliminary to any foreign campaign, however, our manufacturers would do well to give heed to what Consul Brittain says about the necessity for observing local requirements and preferences, instead of attempting to induce the buyer to purchase an unfamiliar article. The conservatism of the European farming class is proverbial, and a successful export effort must reckon with it.

THE DOING OF HOUSEWORK.

Women in Chicago are to establish a school for the education of girls in the art of housework, at which it is proposed to give instruction not only in the general duties of domestic help, but along special lines as well.

The school was probably the outgrowth of the attempt of the women of Chicago to resist the demands of the "Hired Girls' union," but whether the end sought is accomplished will depend very largely upon the scope of the education imparted.

It is not enough that girls should be taught how to do housework. They should also be made to understand that it is entirely honorable to perform domestic service; that girls who know how to keep house well are best fitted to become wives and to conduct the affairs of homes of their own.

If American girls who are compelled to earn their own livelihood could be made to understand that doing housework at fair wages, with board, lodging and laundry provided, is far preferable in a financial sense to many of the positions with only small pay which are eagerly sought by young women, the problem of domestic service would be solved.

Of course the employers of girls who do housework are to a great extent to blame for the present condition of affairs, because many of them take no pains to demonstrate that housework is not a menial occupation or that it is not in any sense dishonorable.

The housewives of America have it within their power to put an end to all trouble with "hired girls."

Prince Chun will tell Emperor Wilhelm that he is sorry for the killing of Von Kottler. He isn't sorry. If Bill would haul off and hit the Chinese in the eye for lying, there would be a lot of faltering among diplomats, but it would bring China to her senses.

A Nebraska mob strung a man up twice, then let him down, and failed to turn him over to the authorities. No mob is like another mob, just as no crazy man has the same hallucinations as any other lunatic.

Prince Chun will not prostrate himself before Emperor Wilhelm. However, to make up for delinquency, he might turn a double back somersault on the royal carpet.

We don't know much about yachting, but we are up on horses, and in our opinion the trouble with the Constitution is that her head is checked too high.

Mayor Black of McKeesport, is laboring under the gorgeous delusion that if there is any ice to be cut he is deluged by Omnipotence to cut it.

The American wagon is considered best by the British generals, and it is out of sight when drawn by American mules, even in a British enterprise.

The British sailors of the Shamrock have been drilled to perfection. If it is a test for the Shamrock, it will be because she isn't fast enough.

The people who are putting up their money on the British yacht, forget that in a contest Americans have never failed to wake up.

The Americans who are betting \$250,000 on the American yacht should have guardians appointed. The money ought to be even.

France is ferociously mad at Turkey. Every morning it has to remind itself of the fact, however, to keep up the heat.

Li Hung Chang is failing in health. If he has to die, it is to be hoped that that peacock feather will be buried with him.

If the Santa Fe contemplates getting into St. Louis, it will be there quickly for the world's fair business.

If Schley is linked in the coming trial, he ought to be made to make an exploratory journey to Sampson.

Maybe the old Constitution is poisoning. She will come out all right in the race.

Cressens is now discovering you can't repeat phenomenal performances at will.

ZOE'S REVENGE.

One bright morning last May a man stopped before an ordinary-looking Irish house in a certain bustling western city, and indicated by his attitude and expression that he was waiting. His persistence attracted the attention of the drug clerk down the street, who, in the absence of customers, was enjoying a smoke on the sidewalk under the awning, so he stepped back and began to listen.

The laundryman, who came to deliver a package next door, sat in his wagon and eyed him silently and ruminatively for awhile and then came over and inquired "what was doing." This small group was gradually increased by the addition of a Weary Willie from down on the corner, the cook from across the street, several chance pedestrians and numerous small boys, who were all ears and mouths.

"There's some trouble in here," explained the first individual to whom everybody looked for enlightenment. "I distinctly heard cries for help, but I couldn't get in to interfere, I was so busy something serious. There! Hear that? It seems to come from upstairs." And all eyes were immediately directed to the house.

Then borne distinctly on the clear air could be heard the agonized cry: "O gods! Stay Zoe, stay! What hast thou done?"

This was followed by sharp tones of remonstrance, then the low mutterings of two voices, and finally silence. The cook looked at the laundryman and nodded her head solemnly.

"The ould spalpeen do be gettin' his deserts. Many's the time I've heard him davin' of that poor little woman, but Zoe seems to be havin' the upper hand now."

Meanwhile, in the front room upstairs, entirely unconscious of the interested group below, so absorbed was he in the delightful mysteries of the historic art, stood a perspiring young man with wild hair and rumpled dress. Opposite him, reclining in the easy chair, his faded velvet coat plentifully besprinkled with cigarette ashes, sat the professional who listened to the wild paroxysms of passion uttered by the youth with perfect indifference, and apparently not the slightest interest. Occasionally he would turn his languid eyes on the agitated countenance and despairing gestures and remark: "A little more feeling there, my boy. Excessive eccentric attitude of mind does not any in your face any more."

Thereupon the words and action would be repeated again and again until the critic, roused by his tameness, would turn to his feet and throw his hat and long hair, give the passage with all the fire and extravagance of a true son of Thespis.

But when this process of inspiring doll play with Prometheus fire was going on matters were growing serious down the street. As over and over again the cry was heard, even the cook began to think perhaps Zoe was a little too severe on her liege lord, and that her determined attempts to avenge past wrongs might be disastrous to the beleaguered party. But the small boy was in his element. There was trouble in the air and he saw visions of a quick rush of the patrol down the street, blue-coats, for so animated discussion was in progress between the original discoverer and the laundryman as to whether an officer had called at no. 7 West. Will he listened suspiciously and furtively to the development of this plan. The cook turned around completely and was loud in her denunciations of "the bossy" and the clerk smiled complacently to himself in anticipation of a rush order for drugs and restoratives. Suddenly came in thundering tones: "O gods! Stay, Zoe, stay! What hast thou done?"

They looked at each other for one instant. Their worst fears were realized. It was noise and suicide together. The Original Discoverer sprang forward toward the front steps, the laundryman made a bound for a policeman, whereas the Weary Willie stumbled unsteadily and hastily around the corner, and the small boy, unmindful and regardless of the tragedy before him, shrieked: "Hi there, Zoe! You're all right. Give him another, Zoe!"

C. E. CORBETT.

To the Church Gate.

(By Thackeray.)

I. Although I enter not, Yet round about the spot Ofttimes I hover; And near the sacred gate, With longing eyes I wait, Expectant of her.

II. The minister bell tolls out Above the city's rout And noise and humming; They've hushed the minister bell; The organ 'wings to swell: She's coming, coming!

III. My lady comes at last, Timid and stepping fast And bustling hither, With modest eyes downcast, She comes—she's here—she's past! May heaven go with her!

IV. Kneel undisturbed, fair saint! Pour out your praise or plaint, Meekly and duly; I will not enter there, To study your pure prayer With thoughts untruly.

V. But suffer me to pace Round the forbidden place, Lingering a minute, Like outcast spirit who wait And see, through Heaven's gate, Angels within it.

Wise and Otherwise.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Mr. Jones, his party boss, who serves the country best.—Rutherford B. Hayes.

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.—Plutarch.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit.—Flaubert.

Are your mother's slippers felt? asked the visitor. "Are they felt?" asked the younger who had just returned from the woodshed, "well, I should think they were."

Humorist—"When the editor returned those tramp jokes his readership was something of a paradox." Friend—"Oh, but did he say?" Humorist—"He said they were very funny."

Flippant—"He says in his native city the streets are always wet watered, and yet they never used sprinkling carts." Prudent—"For goodness sake, where is he from?" Flippant—"Venice."

Two mail clerks met at the postoffice at New York, Mr. Kennedy, Assistant Postmaster Lord introduced them as follows: "Mr. Day, Mr. Knight." They responded: "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kennedy." "Save you, Mr. Knight." "Good day, Mr. Knight." "Good night, Mr. Day."

It is useless to worry; but it is useless to tell a man it is useless to worry.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The relinquishments will come pretty lively after October 4, 6, and 8.

The Democratic club organized at Muskogee has forty-eight members.

Last Monday at the Lawton land office, nine people failed to appear to file.

The Republicans of Hobart have already organized a club and elected officers.

Next year the government will use the drawing plan on the Crow reservation in Montana.

There are a good many gusher stories from Kiowa land. There must be oil down there.

Guthrie has correlated some wheat which tests 47 pounds to the bushel, which is the world's record.

It is nearly a month since the first filings in Kiowa land were made. It does not seem that long.

The masses will put in the cornerstone of the new municipal building at Oklahoma City September 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Flynn have gone to Washington, D. C., Mr. Flynn has some business to attend to.

The painters, decorators and paper-hangers on Labor day at Oklahoma City had a hundred men in line.

Some mighty extravagant young men of Pond Creek the other day gave their girls a hay ride and used real hay.

The land office forces at Lawton and El Reno took flings on Labor day. Are they loyal? Labor day is a legal holiday.

That money in the sub-treasury at St. Louis belongs to the people of Lawton, but it will not come out on personal check.

The council of Oklahoma is after the slot machines. Some of the aldermen's sons, no doubt, have been playing, and played in vain.

At a Republican meeting in Hobart Monday Judge Finley made a speech. He called on the appointees to county offices to get out and hustle for the party.

The register and editor of the El Reno land office announced that attorneys or agents who enter relinquishment schemes with filers will be barred from the office.

After the first election in the new towns and the following see how the vote stands, there will be a great all-around left to get into the winning party before the next campaign.

The other day at Lawton two John Jones's appeared to file. One was from Tennessee, the other from Texas. The identification slip decided which Jones was drawn.

Tom Ryan of the department of the interior intimates that those who registered and failed to draw claims will be given a preference right in filing on unclaimed land after October 6.

The Oklahoma of Oklahoma City is in receipt of a communication by a man claiming to be a negro, which relates that the colored folk of Oklahoma are arming themselves. Somebody's pipe is working.

While prospecting near Mount Scott the other day, prospectors came upon a hole ten feet deep. At the bottom of it were two skeletons. One had an arrow-head in his thigh-bone. On top of the skeletons a big boulder had been rolled.

Garber Sentinel: A few days ago an amusing contest occurred between two parties in an endeavor to secure possession of an elevator site in our city. R. Bailey got possession first by hauling rock on the ground during the night for a foundation, after securing direct authority from the railroad officials. Next morning a representative of the McLeod Mill and Elevator company put in his appearance, also claiming the right of possession, and put force to work removing the rock. J. R. checkedmate the McLeod man by putting an equal force at work keeping the supply of rock sufficiently in evidence to neutralize obstacles and retain the possession sought for, and the railroad must decide between them, when a larger elevator will go up in Garber.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

George Findlay will be given some sort of a federal job down in the Indian territory.

During the present year only nine cases in bankruptcy a month have been filed in Kansas.

The sixty-four new seats for the insane asylum at Parsons will cost the state \$23,000.

During August Topeka drugists made 493 sales of liquor, an increase of 400 sales over July.

Senator Burton is having a boom in the Kansas papers. All of them are complimenting him.

The miners in the Big Four mines at Pittsburg, Kan., will not strike. There has been an adjustment of hours, and that means an early winter.

To be strictly up-to-date that statue of Ceres on the state house should be rigged out in a brutally red paper hat.

In the state penitentiary, all convicts, while at rest, either reading or thinking, have the same attitude—head bowed and held between the hands.

Buffalo Jones says that the reason that Baldwin took all those dogs to the north pole was because he intends to feed his dogs on dog meat. Dog eat dog.

When James Langan of Cawker City was about to die last week he requested that his friend, George Snow, throw the last shovelful of dirt on his grave. Snow did it, as requested.

Superintendent Church of the insurance department has a pretty fair idea now how the commander of the Colon felt when the whole American fleet shot at his ship at the same time.

At Anthony a blind boy named Catherine was standing near a wagon when the horses started to run away. He climbed in the back, gripped the lines, found them and stopped the horses.

Senator Burton told Jim Simpson at Topeka Thursday that he would be appointed internal revenue collector. His field deputies will be S. G. Fottle of Butler county and George Jones of Linn.

The fishermen at Lawrence say that the Kaw river is a government stream and that the state anti-sewing laws do not apply to it. Fish Commissioners White says the Kansas laws do apply to it, and he is backed by the attorney general.

The other day at Ottawa General Metcalfe told a reporter that he was not a candidate for governor; that he did not want the place. "I'll deny the story that you want it good and strong," said the reporter. "Well," said Metcalfe, "don't deny it too strong."

Jack McCreary of Topeka has been appointed immigration agent for the state by Governor Stanley McCreary has a wonderful facility for getting things from governors regardless of their politics. He got to be official book commissioner under Leedy and was appointed a special examiner of insurance companies by Webb McKel. This was when he became secretary of the Silver Republican force, a position which he still holds. For two or three years he has been out, but now "Richard is himself."

According to the official weather report for Kansas, compiled from observations taken by the chancellors of the state university, the past month has, on the whole, been an average Kansas summer. The mean temperature was 72 degrees above the average, but there have been no extremes in temperature. The rainfall is slightly below the August average, and in fact, the rainfall for the year 1901 is thus far four inches below the average. The month has been unusually clear and there has been a remarkable scarcity of wind, it being the stillest August for thirty-three years. Mean temperature, 72.6 degrees, which is 2.8 degrees above the average August. The highest point reached by the mercury was 83 degrees, and the lowest 62 degrees. Rainfall, .24 inches below the average. There were but two thunder showers, wind-total run of wind was 22.3 miles, which is 4.2 miles below the average. The mean hourly velocity was 4.7 miles, and the highest velocity was 16 miles an hour. Barometer, the mean barometer reading was 29.95. Maximum, 30.05 and minimum, 29.80. There was but one fog during the month.

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